

Horse Matters.

Fast Horses.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives his views upon the paying of enormous prices for horses which promise to develop into trotters, a practice which he deprecates as being by no means beneficial, since it tends to beget a spirit of recklessness which often leads to ruin. He says:

"There can be no doubt but that the high prices paid by wealthy men for fast horses tend to stimulate others to invest in such uncertain property. This is where the damage is done. It is this spirit of competition, this desire to vie with these wealthy owners, led on by the delusion that money can be made by buying this or that horse, simply because he has trotted fast, that ruins many a man. Nothing is so uncertain or deceptive as a horse which has made fast time in public. True he may do it again and keep on improving his record; but in a great many instances, in fact the majority, he does not. How many illustrations might be cited to prove that this is true? Where there are those dear thousands which you paid for this supposed to be equine wonder? Gone never to be seen again."

"Breeding horses is an honorable and pleasant occupation, and if followed with care and good judgment, will result in success. But if you would seek that end avoid speculating in speed, for blanks are numerous and prizes few. A trotting horse is the most worthless of animals after he has lost that which commanded a long price, his value has departed. I am aware that some will say that this or that man follows the business of breeding and trotting horses, and that he has made a success of it. There are of course exceptions to every rule; but in this case it may be set down as a fact, that where one succeeds, hundreds fail. Why will not some of those who are laboring to produce these time smashers, turn the same attention to raising a class of useful animals for road purposes? Fine carriage and saddle horses were never in greater demand, higher in price, nor more difficult to find than at present. This mania for speed threatens the total destruction of that useful and stylish class of road horses which were once so plentiful; and as a fact that result has been nearly accomplished in the New England States already. The thousands which Messrs. Bonner, Vanderbilt and others, pay for their precious trotters, do not benefit the horse interests of the country in the least. To be sure it does encourage the trotting horse interest, the speed mania, the everlasting longing to own a horse which can go a mile in the twenties or below, and is good for nothing else. These enormous prices paid for horses do more harm than good, for they are indirectly the means of inducing many a man to enter the field, thinking he can raise trotting horses which will realize large prices; in which attempt he often loses his money, spends much valuable time, and ends up by selling out his establishment for perhaps one-tenth of its cost, never having produced a trotter, though this or that colt did promise to be very fast. It is next to useless for men of inexperience and moderate means to attempt to compete with the large breeding farms of Kentucky and New York State in producing trotting horses. Let speed alone and turn your attention to breeding the large, stylish carriage horse, for which you will always find ready sale at prices which will show a balance on the right side of your books."

Care of Horses.

1. Never allow any one to tickle your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

2. Never heat the horse when in the stable. Nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

3. Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot, fermented manure makes the hoofs soft, and brings on lameness.

4. Change the litter partially in some parts and entirely in others, every morning; and brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

5. To procure a good coat on your horse, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health.

6. Never clean a horse in the stable. The dust fouls the crib, and makes him loathe his food.

7. Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

8. Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grass and sore heels.

9. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

10. When a horse comes off a journey, the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents his taking cold.

11. The next thing is to groom him quite dry, first with a wisp of straw, then with a brush. This removes dust, dirt and sweat, and allows time for the stomach to recover itself, and the appetite to return.

12. Also let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes a strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal, and enables him to feed comfortably.

13. Let the horse have some exercise every day. Otherwise he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

14. Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a continued position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

15. Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Disease or wounds in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous.

16. Every night look and see if there is any stone between the hoof and the shoe. Standing on it all night the horse will be lame next morning.

17. If the horse remains in the stable his feet must be "steepled." Heat and dryness cause crack hoofs and lameness.

18. The feet should not be "steepled" oftener than twice in the week. It will make the hoofs soft and bring on corns.

19. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome.

20. Never allow drugs to be administered to your horse without your knowledge. They are not needed to keep the animal in health, and may do the greatest and most sudden mischief.

Floors for Cattle Stables.

Cattle should not be permitted to stand on a plank, cement, paved or any hard floor the first year, as these are liable to seriously affect the feet and legs. Unless the yard where the colts run in the winter has a sandy or fine, dry, gravelly soil, it should be well littered, so as to keep their feet dry. Mud or soft, wet ground is apt to make tender hoofs, no matter how well bred the colt may be. One reason why the horses in one district grow up superior to those in another, in hoof, bone, muscle and action, is because it has a dry limestone and silicious soil. When the mare is at work do not let the colt run with her; and if she comes back from her work heated, allow her to get cool before suckling the colt, as her overheated milk is liable to give the foal diarrhoea.—*Local Homestead.*

Riches in Hop Farming.

At the present prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are \$1.25 per pound, and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

The Farm.

OUR FRENCH LETTER.

The Value of Sainfoin—Pure Water for Animals—Action of Fertilizers on Meadows—Manures for Forest Trees—Sugar Beet Seeds.

PARIS, Dec. 11, 1932.

THE VALUE OF SAINFOIN.

Attention is being drawn to the error farmers make, by not cultivating sainfoin or esparterie; it can advantageously replace clover; it does not exact an essentially calcareous soil; it gives favorable returns on argillaceous and sandy soil. On a soil well prepared, sainfoin can be sown with rye, or any spring cereal, and covered in with a light harrow; 55 lbs. of seed per acre is sufficient. The plant lasts from 10 to 15 years in a soil. For milch cows, it should be cut when commencing to flower; for horses, when the seed begins to form. As a hay, it has no equal for sheep during the lambing season, as it augments the secretion of milk.

PURE WATER FOR ANIMALS.

A writer urges a more careful study of pure water and of drinks in general, in the economy of animals. The privation of water tells more rapidly on health than abstinence from food. In every kind of beverage, the part efficacious in assuaging thirst, is the water. The quantity of water required by an animal, varies with the air's temperature and humidity. A sheep requires least, and a pig most, water; horses and cattle come between. In the case of sheep, much water thins the blood; they ought never to be deprived of water as many shepherds practice, nor at the same time allowed too fully access to their thirst; the latter observation applies also to horses. The sheep and horses are, of domestic animals, the most sensitive to impure water. For draught animals and sheep, warm drinks are enervating.

ACTION OF FERTILIZERS ON MEADOWS.

Professor Marker's experiments on meadow lands, in the Bavarian and Swiss Alps, with superphosphates and potash salts, reveal two interesting facts: Soils dosed with these fertilizers, not only yielded returns 24 times greater, but three weeks earlier than those soils not so treated. It is, however, well known that superphosphates advance the maturity of all cultivated plants. But what is not so well known, the salts of potash also hasten maturity, but on one condition, that the soil be rich in lime. Wood ashes, as a consequence of their potash, proved an invaluable fertilizer for meadows, while extirpating these acid weeds peculiar to moist lands.

France has suffered from the excessive destruction of her forests, especially in mountainous districts; hence, it is only natural that replanting is being largely resorted to. M. Muel, inspector of forests, has been conducting experiments with chemical, oak, ash and elm. It results, that farm-yard manure produced no results commensurate with the quantity applied. Nitrogenous fertilizers proved rather a hindrance than a help; whilst mineral manures acted in a marked manner, especially on seedlings. These results are but natural; analysis proves that nitrogen figures in the composition of wood, only for one per cent, while the mineral salts range from three to seven. This may explain why trees grow, and even flourish, on soils too poor for cultivated crops.

The Sugar Beet Root Society of the north of France, counsels those who desire to grow their own seed, to select for that purpose, medium-sized roots, of a pale rose color, but slightly out of the soil, and having neither too few, nor too many leaves. A spindle-shaped root is preferable, but not with a narrow crown, as that indicates a tendency to run to seed. Replant early; cover well, and avoid nitrate, guano and sheep manure.

A French Silo.

A correspondent of the *London Times* has been visiting the largest silo in Europe, that of the Vicomte Chézelles, at St. Pierre l'Oise, France, and writes up what he saw in a lengthy article, from which we make the following extracts: "The structure is at one and the same time an excellent barn and perfect silo, and may be described as an oblong open shed, roofed with tiles, 261 feet in length, 30 feet wide, 14 feet high, all in all.

once a building under which the cereal crops should be stored; it is, in fact, a Dutch barn. But the floor, instead of being level, is sunk some twelve feet, the walls are lined with rough stones and cement, and the floor is paved and the bottom level is drained. In this pit, which may be compared to the hold of a ship, there is at this date stored the produce of 170 acres of trefail, lucerne, tares and grass. This produce nearly fills the whole pit, a space being reserved at one end for the remnant of last year's ensilage. As the forage was cut by mowers, five men felled and loaded the carts, and the green stuff was delivered at the side of the silo into the carriers of a powerful chaff-cutting machine, three men feeding it as two men pitched the forage off the carts. Thus ten men are occupied and were paid by piece-work, \$2 to \$4 per 24 acres, according as the crop be light or heavy. The chaff-cutting, driven by steam, goes on grass, and the cut green grass is stored by a couple of workmen, and moreover, twice a day two bullocks or two horses are walked over the mass and give it compactness. A sprinkle of salt is added occasionally, and gives an appetizing flavor, which animals like. As soon as filled, and without boards, straw, or other covering, about a foot to 18 inches of earth (here a sandy soil) is laid over the surface of forage, and the store is made complete, and forms in three or four months the ensilage which will be mainly the winter food of the farm stock.

This writer describes the opening of the silo, and says: "I have had what may be called the first 'spit' of new ensilage in my hands, and have fed with both the new and the old ensilage the bullocks, seeing them take it as a horse does a mouthful of hay, eating with a relish. The appearance of the building was that of a great barn, and as a matter of fact the roof sheltered much of the cereal produce of a farm of over 500 acres. Wheat and oats in the straw, formed the upper story of the mass of ensilage that was below, and separated by a thin stratum of sandy earth. To reach the ensilage, of course, a portion of the super-imposed grain had to be removed; next the earth was shoveled aside, and then appeared the brown black of the fodder, like compressed burnt hay. The smell was rather agreeable than otherwise, much the same as comes from breweries. The temperature of the mass was decidedly high, almost more than the hand could bear; but this circumstance was not considered any objection, and the previous year's experiment had proved that such a temperature was unattended by any danger. I took three samples, packed them in tin cases, and sent them off to England for analysis. I also took a fourth sample of the old (1881) stock, that portion which had been thrown in uncut at the end of the silo then unroofed, and upon which much rain had fallen. This section is certainly damaged and inferior, but it is not so bad but that it is still eatable, after having been uncovered and exposed to the air during the past summer. Certainly the opening of the silo was a success. The food stored there was good provender for the coming winter.

"One of the drawbacks to ensilage, as commonly understood, is the supposed necessity to protect the body of the bulk each time a portion is cut away, and to consume such portion within 24 hours. The practice at Chateau Bouleauville dispenses such ideas, for the ensilage is simply cut away as wanted, just as would be a few trusses of hay from an ordinary stack. This fact promises, therefore, that cubes of ensilage, instead of being regarded as so much perishable green food, may be eventually made into marketable blocks for dairy and other cattle, thus extending its use, which is now limited to consumption on the farm where it is produced. Should this expectation be realized, a great proportion of English forage, grass, etc., is likely in the future to be made into ensilage without farmers waiting for sunshine to make their hay. Practice has already proved the value of ensilage. The quantity given daily is about 20 pounds to horses; 50 to 70 pounds to cows; but, of course, some nitrogenous food may also be profitably mixed with it."

Cause of Scabby Potatoes.

A New Jersey correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* has been experimenting to ascertain the cause of scabby potatoes, and reports to that paper as follows: "Many persons are convinced that the trouble is caused by a fungus growth, and is a disease. Others are firmly convinced it is caused or assisted by the use of fresh fermenting manure; earthworms are charged by others with the mischief, and white grubs, wire-worms, cut-worms, and other insects, bear their share of the responsibility. For two years past I have been investigating this subject, endeavoring to trace the cause. I am convinced this is due to attacks by wire-worms, and nothing else; the common, hard-shelled, round-bodied, numerous-legged *Julus*, which belongs to the family *Myricopoda*, and is a worm and not an insect, being referred to. I have grown potatoes the past two years under various circumstances—in soil without manure, or fertilized with artificial manures, with horse manure, cow manure, both mixed, and fresh and old manure; in new ground, in swamp muck and with leaf-mould; and lastly, I have kept potatoes in soil in separate earthen flower pots, with white grubs, cut-worms and with wire-worms, and where there were no wire-worms the potatoes were smooth and free from injury. The worst potatoes were grown with swamp muck, leaf-mould and old manure. In old, unmanured ground, and where artificial fertilizers were used, the potatoes were clean and smooth. In the pot with cut-worms, and the dark grey grubs, of what I take to be a species of *Aphodius* or dung beetle, and very plentiful where fresh and old cow manure was used in the hill, the potatoes remained perfect. Where the white grubs were, the potatoes were eaten, and large holes with coarse marks, as if made with a small gouge, were dug deeply into them. In the pot with wire-worms the three potatoes were badly scabbed over, and the worms were found

curled up in their usual way in the shallow holes which they had made. There was no indication of any fungus in the potatoes when they were examined by the microscope, but the surface was found to be eaten into and discolored, and the bark or skin of the potato had swollen and grown over the edges of the wounds much in the same way as the bark grows over the edges of a wound made upon a tree.

"The wire-worm is a shining, brown, smooth, many-jointed creature, which I find to be very common when searched for. Each joint has two pairs of short, slender, hair-like legs, and the worm has a pair of short-jointed antennae, with which it feels its way as it crawls actively along. When at rest it is curled up spirally. I find them all over my manure-heap, under loose lumps and pieces of rubbish. They are very plentiful in moist spots, where leaves have rotted, and under pieces of bark, and in the leaf-mould in the woods. This accounts for the prevalence of scabby potatoes in new land where manure has never been used. They are plentiful in grass land that has been top-dressed, and in corn stubble that was manured with cow manure and swamp muck. I have not found any where clear, loose manure from New York city stables has been used; but I find them freely under the heaps of old horse manure, and about the pig-pens and yards. To avoid the trouble, it seems to be necessary to grow potatoes either upon land that has not been manured for some time, or if manure is used, to select that which was made during the previous winter, and which has not yet become infested with the wire-worms, or else to use artificial fertilizers."

The Future of Ensilage.

A correspondent of *Bell's Messenger*, published in England, writes as follows to that journal as to what he thinks will yet be done with ensilage:

"You advocate of ensilage resemble the Chinese who went on burning down pigsties because one accidental fire revealed how luscious a delicacy roast pig is. You don't look at the desired end, but copy the identical and, it may be, wholly avoidable means to that end. In ensilage what we want is the confinement of succulent forage under pressure which first expels air and then continues to exclude atmospheric air from the mass, so that it shall have no opportunity to oxidize. Is it indispensable to tumble cartloads of stuff into a deep hole and trample it solid by men and bullocks, or to pile up bags of earth or stones, or barrels of other heavy material, upon the mouth of the filled pit till it settles like a pulpy double Gloucester in a press? I expect that, by a modified form of the hay baling-press, we shall compress green grass or forage into rectangular bales held tightly bound by stout iron wire, and we shall build these one upon another like brick walls, in any building, whether brick-walled or boarded walled, that we happen to have available (for the walls will have no side-trust to stand against); and as we proceed we shall fill up all crevices between the bales and the wall, and the interstices between contiguous bales, with chaff well trodden in. Chaff, too, at bottom, and perhaps a thick layer of chaff over all, will suck up any exuded juices and intercept the access of moisture as well as air from the outside."

Green Rye as Fodder.

In regard to the actual value of green rye used as a fodder the past season, the following facts may be considered, as given by a writer in the *Baltimore Times*:

"Seven young cows in a full flush of milk, having calves from two to six months old, and having no distinguishing circumstances by which a change of feed should fail to act upon the product of milk and butter with one more than upon 15 pounds of mixed clover and timothy hay and common meadow hay mixed, cut, wetted and mixed with 10 pounds of mixed corn meal and wheat middlings daily. The yield had been very regularly 112 pounds of milk per day and 48 pounds of butter weekly from the whole seven cows. The rye became ready for cutting on the 10th of May, when the first heads began to appear. The daily ration was 60 pounds, part cut and wetted and mixed with the meal as before, and part fed whole, but all was eaten up clean. The second week after feeding the rye, the yield of milk was 108 pounds per day, and the weekly make of butter increased to 65 pounds. It will be seen that the fresh green fodder, while it largely added to the produce of milk, did not quite increase in proportion to the yield of butter, for while on dry feed sixteen pounds of milk made a pound of butter, eighteen pounds were required when the rye was fed. As the rye approached to blossoming and became heavier, and the weather became warmer, the ration of meal was decreased gradually until but six pounds of mixed feed were given daily, and at the present writing the yield of milk is slightly decreased, but the weekly curdling has undergone no diminution."

Agricultural Items.

The secret of good farming lies in the rotation of crops.

One's best results often come from trying again, after failure.

The Elmira Farmers' Club recently passed its thirtieth anniversary. It commenced with ten members, all of whom still survive. It is doing a good work for the agricultural interests of the vicinity.

At a recent agricultural exhibition at Luden-burg, in Germany, was exhibited a threshing machine which was driven by electricity at the rate of 1,400 revolutions a minute, and which at the same time illuminated the inclosure in which it worked.

At the Dairy Show at Milwaukee, the fancy cheese exhibit was very large, and while some exhibits were of foreign manufacture, the greatest part of the asparagus, Bricks, Roquefort, and all other known kinds, fragrant and otherwise, were of American manufacture, showing that no climate or country is safe from Yankee imitation.

The sprouting of potatoes is generally prevented by a short exposure to either freezing cold or scalding heat. Pouring scalding water over them and then drying quickly prevents spoiling. It is therefore plain that seed pota-

atoes must be preserved from such a degree of either heat or cold as would destroy the germ, from fifty to fifty-five degrees being safe.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Kansas Farmer* says he has been experimenting with sorghum as fodder for farm stock, and finds one acre of it equal to an acre of corn. His cattle eat it readily, consuming stalk and all, and it makes them sleek and fat as corn-fed stock. He plants in hills, about double the quantity he would use if he were cultivating for shrub, and when the seed is ripe, cuts, shocks and cures, same as corn fodder. If cut before frost, he says, it will retain its sweetness all winter.

D. D. T. MOORE says: "Many animals are ruined or die because they are not properly cared for when ailing from accident or disease. Many a crop is a partial or total failure because it was not planted, cultivated or harvested in season. The lack of good sheds, stables, etc., often causes great waste of forage and other losses. The use of poor seed often loses a crop, and the lack of good implements is frequently very damaging. Failure to exercise brains in planning and management is very expensive."

JUDGE EATON, of Ottawa, Ill., notes, in an article on the history of the Irish potato, a fact which many farmers have observed, despite the assurance by scientists that "mixing in the hill is impossible." "A curious fact connected with the growth of the Irish potato, and which most farmers have no doubt observed, is that they will hybridize in the same hill, or so near together that their bearing roots will intertwine, and part of the tubers of either plant are liable to be marked with red and white patches, or one-half may be red and the other half white. This is an interesting field for the investigation of some one inclined to the work."

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

For the relief and cure of this distressing affliction, see Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Persons may avoid all attacks by occasionally taking a dose of Simmons' Liver Regulator to keep the liver in healthy action.

Poetry.

SILVERFOOT.

Silverfoot was the Fairy Queen's maid,
And the wee-wee one that ever played
Under the rose red,
She sailed on the back of a butterfly,
And climbed at night to a bluebell high,
To rest her pretty head.

Her eyes were the brightest ever seen;
She wore a cap with a plume of green,
That in the sunlight glowed;
A tiny drop of the clearest dew
Was the silver buckle of her shoe,
That sparkled when she danced.

And of all her little maids, the queen
Loved this wee Silverfoot best; I ween,
She was so light and gay;
And she feared that some sly, wandering breeze,
That stole the blossoms from off the trees,
Would steal her, too, some day.

So she said to her, "Silverfoot, never stray
From the woodland's sheltering bowers away,
So hold the robe winds blow,
That o'er the low, wide meadows cross,
That pull off the daisy caps, and toss
Them up like flakes of snow."

"And they'd find it sport to lift you up,
As they would down from a thistle-cup?
So listen, little one,
And stay at home, though the long fields be
Never so dainty and fair to see,
Their green laps fall of dew."

But Silverfoot's feet they fain would stray;
The woods were dim, but the fields were gay.
Silverfoot's eyes so bright,
Spied the palest rose that e'er was born,
Not far outside the wall, one morn,
Laughing there in the light.

Silverfoot said to herself, "What harm
Could come to me, now the winds are calm,
Should I run out and creep
Into that sweet rose, and peek awhile,
Where the bees hum, and sunbeams smile,
And the white daisies peep?"

"I know that our good queen bade me bide
Always at home, for in meadows wide
The gay, bold breezes dwell;
But if I should hear them waking up,
I'd tie myself to a buttercup
Or to a pimpernel."

So, taking a bit of alien thread,
With the green plume dancing on her head,
She tripped merrily
Out of the woodland's dim and gray,
Into the blithe, bright light of the May,
On to the tall rose tree.

The clover-bloms scarce waked their heads,
Nor grasses stirred in their sunny beds;
Everything seemed to dream,
Silverfoot laughed that the queen should fear
To have her little sprites wander here
In the sunshiny gay beam.

But, while she stood on a buttercup,
A great noise reached her, and looking up
She saw a giant near.
A-striding o'er the meadows green;
And her heart went pit-a-pat, I ween—
Went pit-a-pat for fear!

And into the heart of a half-blown rose,
With many petals, so thick and close,
She crept full hastily,
While near and near the giant came,
Who spied the rose, with its cheek of flame,
From afar on the lea.

And he said, "I'll pluck this rose so fair,
And give it my love to deck her hair,
For roses and sunlight
They love each other," and, as he spoke,
From its tender stem the flower he broke!
Silverfoot fainted quite.

And while he passed down the village street,
Something dropped out of the blossom sweet—
Something light and bright,
There was Silverfoot, maid to the queen,
And daintiest sprite that ever was seen,
Down in the dusty way.

The giant thought it some little bee
Or golden fly that fell—ah, me!
Nor stopped to see or hear.
But a little maiden, passing by,
Lifted her, with a tear and a sigh—
For she was dead from fear!

WHO THINKS ME FAIR?

For for his sake who thinks me fair,
For for none other can I be,
Ah, what new changes shall fairness wear
That his sweet eyes be pleased of me!
How vain in love I seem to grow!
No matter—love will have its way.

For but for him who finds me fair,
And fairer still these flowers shall make
I laugh round my brow and hair—
While southern winds their odors break.
How very, very vain I grow!
No matter, love will have its way.

For but for him who thinks me fair,
These golden arts I now assume
On throat and arms shall make more rare
The light of me, O, regal grace,
If words were thine, what words would flow.
No matter—love will have its way.

He comes, Ah, will he find me fair,
And shall I find him grown more fond?
O sweet, you are not what you were;
Your simple smile is far beyond!
O jealousy! Well, there they go—
What matter—he will have it so!

Miscellaneous.

A MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION.

It was almost dusk, on a wintry afternoon, when I was sitting in my study wondering if, after all, I had not been a fool in believing I was ever destined to make a living as an artist. My dear old father—a small manufacturer of silks at Lyons—had spared all that was possible from his savings to give me an art education in Paris. I had entered myself as a pupil at the Academie, and had been a most diligent student at the life classes. There the rapidity with which I worked, and the general correctness of drawing, and truth of color in my sketches, earned for me much praise. When my funds were almost exhausted—and I knew that except under the most urgent necessity I must not ask for more from home—I sought to fill my pockets by selling pictures to the minor dealers. They gave me but little encouragement; all that the most favorable was willing to do was to put a picture in his window and try to dispose of it—in which case I was to receive three-fourths of the purchase money. Day after day I called to inquire if a keen discerning or unrecognized genius had found out the merit of my work. The same statement was always made to me—"a gentleman had looked at it and had promised to call again." But the mysterious promises never did return.

While I was meditating on my gloomy prospects I heard a low knock at the door. I rose and opened it. The gentleman who stood outside was tall and thin, and dressed in black or very dark clothes—in the dim light I could not tell which.

"M. Paul Godin?" he inquired.

"Yes, monsieur. Will you not do me the favor to enter?"

He bowed and passed in.
"I must apologize for asking you into a dark room," I said, as I moved toward the table, on which stood a lamp. "I had almost fallen asleep in the twilight."

"Pray do not light the lamp; my eyes are weak, and what I have to say to you I can say better as we are."

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. My visitor was evidently a gentleman; his manner and accent proclaimed that.

In his voice there was a sadness which at once evoked sympathy.
"As you will, monsieur. To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I do not wish to give my name; I am here on business that can be transacted without disclosing it. I must ask you to excuse the customary formality."

I bowed and pointed to a chair. My visitor took it, paused a moment as if thinking how he should begin, then spoke quickly, and almost abruptly, as if he was anxious to lose as little time as possible.

"M. Godin, I have been told by some one who knows you well—no matter who—that you can paint from life with great quickness and accuracy. I want a figure painted to-night."

"To-night!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, by candle light, and it must be done before daylight to-morrow morning; that is, in the rough; you can finish it here afterward. The subject is a strange one, and the conditions on which I shall give the commission are: that you submit to be taken to and from my house blindfolded; that you shall not ask any questions; that you shall never tell any one what you may see there; that you never show any one the picture you paint or reveal its subject; and that, if you ever meet me after to-night, you shall make no sign of recognition. I know that these are startling conditions, but I am willing to pay liberally. I will pay you one thousand francs now, and another thousand when I send for the finished picture. Do you accept?"

For the moment I was stunned. Here was what seemed to be a fortune placed suddenly within my grasp. The conditions were certainly "startling," but I was young, I had no fear, and the mystery piqued me. It seemed as if I had been suddenly transported back to the days of the Tour de Nesle, to which Marguerite de Valois summoned her lovers, who arrived blindfolded and were borne away dead by the silent waters. If some tragedy was in store for me I was poor enough and desperate enough to take all the chances.

"Well," said he somewhat impatiently, "do you accept?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Good! Here is 1,000 francs. I will give you a receipt."

"It is not necessary. Now gather your materials, and select the largest canvass you have here."

I got together what was needed.

"I am ready, monsieur."

"Then you must allow me to blindfold you. Give me your handkerchief. There! Does that hurt you?"

"No."

My hat was fortunately a soft one. He turned the brim down so as to conceal the fact that my eyes were covered.

"Now follow me to the carriage, and remember, M. Godin, I trust to your honor as a gentleman to fulfill all the conditions I imposed."

It was with no little difficulty that I managed to descend the stairs with my load. At the landings the stranger took hold of an elbow and gently guided me. As we passed into the street my companion spoke in a whisper to some one who was evidently waiting for him.

I was then put into a carriage and driven rapidly away, but so many turns were made that I could not determine in what direction we were going. Some one was sitting by my side. I presumed it was my visitor, but he did not seem inclined to speak, and I had plenty to occupy my thoughts. Where was I being taken, and for what purpose? The more I pondered the more uneasy I became. My only comfort lay in the certainty that I had a thousand francs in my pocket.

After a while the carriage stopped and I was told to get out. Some one took my arm and led me up a flight of steps, then along a corridor. I judged from the height and width of the staircase, which was of stone or marble, and the rich carpeting of the passage or corridor, that I was in a grand mansion.

"Sit down, M. Godin. There is a chair immediately behind you. When you hear me close the door of this room you may uncover your eyes and begin. You are to paint precisely as it is—the what is lying on that bed. You must finish before five o'clock to-morrow morning. When you are ready to go away you must re-bandage your eyes, then sound a bell you will find on the table. A person will come and conduct you to your studio. In ten or twelve days I will send for the picture; and you must pack so that no one can see it, and you must pack it yourself. The person who will come for it will pay you the second thousand francs. You will find refreshments on the table. Now I leave you. Do not forget the conditions you have promised to keep."

I heard him close the door. Then I eagerly tore the bandage from my face. The glare of a brilliantly-lighted room oppressed my eyes for a few seconds, and I could only distinguish that the apartment was large and magnificently furnished.

As my vision grew clearer I saw that almost in front of me was a very handsome sofa standing on a platform or dais covered with black velvet. I had been prepared for something strange, but the sudden sight of the coffin made me shudder. In a moment or two, however, I gathered courage enough to walk toward it. It was empty. The lid stood by the side, and some of the silver screws had fallen on the floor. I picked one up and looked at it. The head was badly mauled. Evidently the coffin had been opened by some unpracticed hand. Where was its former occupant? Instinctively I turned toward the bed. On it was lying the body of a woman. I looked at the face. I think it was the most beautiful I ever saw. The expression was so calm and happy it was difficult to believe she was not sleeping. I had only noticed the face. As my eyes

passed from that to the figure a sight met them which drew from me a cry of horror and rage.

Her breast was bared, and through her heart a jeweled-handled dagger was buried to the hilt!

I felt ill and faint. I went to the table and took a long draught of brandy. Then I came back to the bedside. It was not, as I had tried to persuade myself, a horrid dream, a phantasm. There was a dagger, driven, with unerring aim and deadly force. I noticed that so skillfully had the blow been given that only two clots of blood had escaped from the wound. The bleeding must have been wholly internal.

Again I glanced at the sweet, peaceful face. There was nothing in it to indicate the agony which I had been taught to look for in painful and sudden death.

Where was I? Upon what frightful tragedy had I lighted? Had this murdered woman been a faithful wife, or was she some innocent girl who had been enticed here to meet ruin and death? What should I do? What could I do?

My first impulse was to raise an alarm, but a moment's reflection convinced me of the uselessness and danger of such a proceeding. It was evident that the person or persons who had committed this crime would not hesitate at another to secure safety. I had no idea in what quarter of Paris I was, nor of how to gain egress from the house. Besides, I had heard the door locked behind me.

But why should any one desire to perpetrate that terrible sight? This was a question I could not answer, though I racked my brain for a response. Then I looked again at the body, and the frightful fascination of the subject began to enthrall me. Its grim awfulness appealed to something in my artistic nature and urged me with irresistible force to begin work.

I had always had a touch of morbidness in my inspirations, yet I had never conceived such a combination of the beautiful and the horrible. Yes, whatever I might feel it my duty to do on the morrow, I would work my best that night.

An absorbing desire to express not only what I saw but what I felt took possession of me. Never before had I painted so quickly or so well. I obtained with a few touches effects that I had before vainly labored to produce. It almost seemed as if I were controlled by some overwhelming force. The soul and power of a great artist had temporarily passed into me, and my poor hands and eyes were but the means through which another was working.

The hours flew rapidly by, but I labored unintermittently. The figure grew upon the canvass and began to look like in its death-like fidelity. At last my aching hands and arms compelled me to rest. I looked everywhere for some mark or sign by which I could discover in whose house I was. Not the faintest clue rewarded my search—nothing bearing a name, initial or monogram was to be found. Everything was of the most costly and luxurious description. Money had been lavishly spent in every direction. The coffin was almost a work of art; its chased handles and bars were of silver and gold, but the name plate had not been attached. I noticed every detail with great minuteness, because I determined that the maker of so unusually splendid a coffin could easily be found, and through him was the clearest and easiest way of bringing to justice the perpetrators of this foul crime.

Then I went back to my painting and again the fever of inspired work seized me. I was scarcely sensible of the lapse of time till the clock upon the mantelpiece warned me that it was already five. After considerable trouble I managed to pack my sketch in a way that would cover it without injuring the moist colors. I collected my brushes and tubes, tied the handkerchief over my eyes and rang the bell. Almost immediately I heard the door unlocked and the sad voice whose tones had become so thoroughly impressed on my memory asked:

"How have you succeeded?"

"Well."

"I am very glad. I will now take you to your studio. Come with me."

He led me through the passage, down the staircase and to the carriage. When I had seated myself he took his place by my side. The horses were urged to a very rapid pace, so fast, indeed, that I wondered the police did not interfere. My companion did not utter a word. When the carriage stopped he helped me to descend, took me as far as the first staircase and said:

"When you reach the next landing you can uncover your eyes. I shall send for the picture in twelve days. Remember your promises; keep faith with me and you may secure a more powerful friend than you imagine. Good day."

I heard him pass away. The temptation to follow and instantly denounce him was almost irresistible. But sober second thought came to my aid. I reflected that he had at least one and probably two confederates in the carriage, and that at so early an hour it was unlikely that I should find any one to render me efficient assistance. I passed up stairs and took off the handkerchief.

When I was once safe in my own room I was torn by distracting doubts as to what I ought to do. If I held my tongue I should make two thousand francs certain, and possibly more in the future. Could I afford to throw away this wonderful opportunity? Moreover this was the course which had the great recommendation of safety. If I should inform the police I might very possibly be regarded as a madman, or if my story was believed and the murderer or murderers traced I should undoubtedly incur the vengeance of rich and powerful villains. My solemn promise, too, bound me to secrecy. But then I told myself I was not compelled to keep that, when the doing so would involve the escape of a murderer. At last exhausted nature, which had been subjected to the most severe tension for twelve hours, claimed her rights. I slept, but my dreams were hideous. The figure of the dead woman rose ever before my fancy. She pointed to the dagger in her breast and seemed to entreat me to speak, although I heard no words and could not distinguish any sound.

It was again nearly dusk when I awoke, troubled and unfreshed, but with my mind

fully made up to tell the police all I knew. I understood the necessity for acting with all possible despatch, but I was hungry, and felt that I needed something to give me strength and confidence before I undertook to make my extraordinary revelation.

After I had once decided on a plan for action I felt easier. The dread of the ever-haunting presence of the dead woman began to disappear. I went to a restaurant I had been in the habit of frequenting when richer. Some of that villain's thousand francs should help to give me the strength to denounce him. This idea pleased me, for it seemed to savor of retribution. I took up Le Soir, turned over the pages carelessly, almost unconsciously, and was just about to lay it down when on the last page my eye caught this heading:

"Funeral of the beautiful Marquise de Bienville."

The words startled me, for I had heard of the beauty of the lady about whom all male Paris had been raving for some months. I had never had an opportunity of seeing her, though I had wished to do so. I did not know she had been ill, and to learn suddenly that she was dead and buried shocked me not a little. I read the article with considerable interest. It stated that the Marquise had died four days before of diphtheria, after a short illness. The last part of the article gave a brief description of the lady's appearance. As I read on I became more and more engrossed, for I could not but believe that the murdered woman and the Marquise were one. The recognition of this fact frightened me. I could not help seeing that such a charge made against a man occupying the rank and station of the Marquise de Bienville would need more substantial proof than was to be found in my extraordinary story.

It was with great difficulty that I could manage to eat a part of my dinner. That done I went back to my studio, took my sketch and set off for the office of the minister of police. I inquired for him, and after having stated to one or two minor officials that my business was of the utmost secrecy and importance, I was informed that he had gone home.

"Could I not communicate my wishes to his representative?"

On my replying negatively I was told that if I particularly desired it I could be taken to the minister's house, or I could see him at his office the next morning. I dreamed a night with the fearful secret still undisclosed, so I chose the former alternative.

I trembled a little when I was ushered into the presence of the famous minister, but his calm, quiet manner soon reassured me.

"What is it that you have to disclose, monsieur?" he asked.

"The secret of a murder, monsieur."

"Well?"

"I wish to confide in you alone," I said, as I glanced at the gentleman who had accompanied me from the office.

"That is impossible. M. Bonteaux is in possession of all the secrets of my department. Even if I were to hear you alone now, I should be compelled to confide in others before I could act upon your story. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because, monsieur, my accusation will appear almost incredible. I charge the Marquise de Bienville with being the murderer of his wife."

The minister, who prided himself on his imperturbability, could not resist showing his surprise. He glanced at M. Bonteaux with an air of pity and contempt. I am sure he thought that I was mad.

"Madame la Marquise died of diphtheria. My wife knew her well and was greatly grieved at her illness and death. On what grounds do you base such a charge?"

I told my story as briefly as I could. Both my hearers listened attentively, but I felt incredulously. When I had finished, the minister asked:

"What proof have you of the truth of this extraordinary tale?"

"None," I answered, "except the sketch I made. I had never seen the Marquise in life, if it is indeed her likeness, no other proof of my truth is needed."

"I knew her well," said the minister. "Show me the sketch."

I unpacked it and placed it before him. He started as if he had been violently struck.

"It is indeed the Marquise," he murmured. Then turning to me he said: "Describe the man who came to your studio."

"I could not see him well. I think he had a moustache; he was tall and thin, and spoke in a low, sad voice."

"That would be a rough description of the marquis, ch. M. Bonteaux?"

"Yes, monsieur. I have heard that the marquis was overwhelmed with grief, and that some of his friends feared for his reason."

"A needless fear," said I; "his grief is only remorse or perhaps dread of discovery."

The instincts of the detective, who distrusts everybody and everything, were beginning to be aroused in me.

"M. Godin, Justice is indebted to you. All that can be done to-night shall be done. In the morning I shall again claim your aid. Go to your rooms at once, and do not leave them or speak to any one till I send for you; and lest you should be in any personal danger, I will have the entrance to your apartment watched."

I thanked him for this courtesy, though I could not help knowing that he was actuated quite as much by a desire not to have me escape as by his wish to protect me.

M. Bonteaux called for me in the morning. He told me I should have to accompany him to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, as the minister had decided to have the coffin of the Marquise taken from the family vault and opened. It had been brought into a room of the mortuary chapel, when we arrived. The minister and two or three assistants were examining the body. The wound had been found exactly as I had described.

I was cordially received by the minister, and told that the Marquise had been sent for under the pretext that there had been some informality about the register of the interment. Orders had also been given to bring the doctor who had signed the certificate of death, and also one of the sur-

geons attached to the department of justice.

I felt elated at my success and importance, and had no longer any qualms about my broken promises. All Paris, I was sure, would soon be ringing with praise of my shrewdness and courage.

Presently a gentleman entered, whispered to the minister and handed him something wrapped in paper. It proved to be the dagger I had described.

"Let the marquis be brought in," said the minister.

All eyes were on the door. The marquis entered, looking pale and thoughtful. When he saw his look changed to one that I tried hard to think showed fear, but still it seemed to me only like contempt.

"Ah, M. Godin, I thought you were a gentleman. I see I made a mistake. You have betrayed me."

"It is not betrayal to give a criminal to justice."

He looked at me and smiled ever so faintly, yet still perceptibly.

"M. le Marquis," said the minister, "I regret to be compelled to inform you that you are charged with having murdered your wife."

"Who makes this charge?"

"M. Godin, who states that he saw her lying with a dagger buried in her heart."

"That is true."

"He confesses! Officers, arrest that man."

"One moment, M. le Ministre. When that dagger was driven into my wife's heart it had ceased to beat for more than two days."

"Explain yourself, monsieur."

"My words can easily be verified by any surgeon. Madame la Marquise had a morbid dread of being buried alive. She made me swear to her that if she died before I would not allow her to be buried until her heart had been punctured. I could not bear to tell this to any one else, or to allow any other hand than mine to strike the blow. After I had done so the strangeness of the sight began to overpower me. Sometimes I think my great grief has made me half mad. I felt that I must have a record that I had been faithful to her last wish. In this state I sought out M. Godin. He has doubtless told you all else that you wish to know. The reason I desired to keep the matter secret can be easily understood."

The two doctors had arrived in time to hear the marquis' explanation. They needed only to glance at the body to confirm his words.

O, how poor and mean and miserable I felt! I crossed over to where the marquis stood, and I knelt at his feet.

"Monsieur," I cried, "take your money and the sketch and try to forgive me."

"Rise, monsieur; I have forgiven you. I asked and expected more than I had a right to believe a stranger could have given to a stranger. Keep the money, finish the picture, and I hope it will not be the last you shall paint for me."—Our Continent.

The interesting Texas Centipede.

This interesting insect is not so much celebrated for its amiability of disposition as for its good looks, but, at the same time, we cannot recommend it either as a parlor ornament or as a toy for a child to play with, unless it is a second-hand child that nobody has any particular use for. Centipedes are of different sizes, but they are all made pretty much after the same pattern. They are made up of about one-third joint, one-third bite and one-third general cussedness. They are casemated with a shell that is as hard as the bark of a boarding-house cranberry pie. The length of the centipede varies very much, but if a centipede wants to get a mention in the local paper he has to stretch himself out about nine inches in length. We have never read of one that measured less. His body, which is a succession of flat joints, is not much broader than an ordinary man's finger. The centipede is built on the iron-clad system, although it does not make quite as much noise as the English fleet bombarding Alexandria. In fact, the centipede is not musical at all, but if it happens to crawl over a man it will make him very musical immediately.

His head or bow, comparing it to an ironclad, is armed with a pair of pincers, which, besides being as venomous as the editor of a party organ, can bite the end off an iron safe. Each side is armed with about forty short legs, and each leg is armed with a sting like that of a wasp. The centipede terminates in a pair of hooks, which, like its pincers, are red-hot, so we have been told by an innocent young man who undertook to pick it up by its stem. When a centipede anchors his head in the fleshy anatomy of a human being, throws out his two grappling irons from his rear, and then draws his eighty odd, very odd, claws together, it will bring tears to the heart of an Irish landlord to see how the little pet holds.

The bite of the centipede rarely causes death, but it makes the bitten party wish he were dead for a short time, at least, and leaves an ugly sore. The statement that the bite of a centipede does not cause death is liable to correction. The centipede is very apt to become a "remains" after it bites a person, as there is quite a prejudice against it. For this reason it is very much secluded in its habits, living in retirement among the rocks of old buildings. Its diet is believed to be insects that are not so heavily armed and iron-clad. Why the centipede was created in the first place, and what good purpose it serves, are profound mysteries to the ordinary intellect.

One evening, about dusk, a Texas gentleman of a scientific turn of mind, was sitting on his front gallery, when his attention was called to an extraordinary meteorological concatenation, as circus men say. A peculiar shaped cloud seemed to reach down from the sky and then draw itself up again, very much after the manner of those cyclonic clouds in Iowa. The gentleman was very much interested in this meteorological perturbation, which he attributed at first to atmospheric influences, when it occurred to him that the peculiar cloud or water-spout might be nearer than the distant horizon. He took off his hat and found that his surmise was correct. Fastened to the rim of the hat by his hind claws was a beautiful centipede, about nine inches long. The

peculiar meteorological phenomena were produced by the insect drawing itself up and letting itself down in its efforts to find a nose or some other feature to hang on to in order to facilitate its descent. As the gentleman had a comparatively short nose the insect was foiled. It died shortly afterward by the gentleman accidentally stepping on it about a dozen times with the heel of his boot.

As we have already stated, centipedes are comparatively rare in the well-settled portion of Texas, being usually found in a bottle of alcohol on the showcase of some druggist who has a taste for the beautiful. In this particular centipede differ from some men: They are much more peaceful and harmless when in liquor than otherwise. With centipedes, as with Indians, the only good ones are those that are dead.—Texas Siftings.

A Messenger Boy Makes \$40,000 in Oil.

The Standard Oil Company, the only concern in the world that is powerful enough to compel the combined trunk line railroads to do its bidding, demanding and receiving from them rates which made opposition impossible and crushed out every rival, has lately been beaten by a messenger boy.

In the history of the Standard this is the only time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, it has ever been outwitted. Vanderbilt and his allies were not a match for Rockefeller, and they were compelled to allow him rebates which enabled him to build up the greatest monopoly the world has ever known.

When he got ready he laid a pipe-line of his own from the oil regions to Cleveland in one direction, and from the oil regions to the sea-board in another direction, and then told the trunk line managers who had enriched him that they could go to that place where the worm died and the fire is not quenched. But this man with his millions has been outwitted by Mike Keating, 16 years old, a messenger boy of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Oil City. Mike has been in the employ of the company since he was old enough to carry dispatches, and nearly all of this time he has been in the Oil Exchange at Oil City, carrying messages to and from the brokers. The large operators in petroleum send their dispatches in cipher.

The boy had carried so many messages sent by the Standard from his headquarters in Cleveland that he had unraveled the mystic characters, and could read them like a printed page. Just prior to the recent extraordinary advance in the petroleum market, when the price jumped in a few days from 50 cents to \$1.35, Keating carried a number of dispatches to the Standard's brokers, ordering them to buy large blocks of oil. The monopoly had laid its plans to boom the market, and its Oil City brokers were ordered to buy everything. "Buy half a million barrels," "Buy a million barrels," "Buy two million barrels," were the way these orders came in. They were riddles to all but the brokers who received them and Mike Keating, the messenger boy who delivered them. Keating, although a mere boy, knew something extraordinary was soon to happen.

The market, which had been like a stagnant pool for a year, was already creeping up the scale. Orders for immense blocks of oil were still coming from the Standard's headquarters. There was no time to lose. But what could a boy do without a dollar in his pocket? Keating went to one of the largest operators on the floor of the Exchange, outside of the Standard's agents, and told him he had a "pointer." The broker laughed at him. The boy's earnestness finally commanded attention, and the broker agreed to his proposition, which was that the broker should furnish the money for a "deal," if he was satisfied with the information, and divide the profits equally. Then the messenger told the broker what he had, and of the telegrams he had been carrying from the Standard's Cleveland office.

The next message that fell into the boy's hands was carried secretly to the broker and translated. It was an order to buy everything that was offered. The broker probably swallowed to keep his heart down; anyway, he went back to the Exchange and began to buy. He saw the Standard's agents buying right and left, and was satisfied a big deal was in progress. He took everything he could get until he had a round million barrels. The market was already jumping fast, and his million barrels had been secured at an average cost of 72 cents. He was loaded to the guards. Orders to buy and orders to sell were pouring in from every quarter, and the excitement was becoming intense. The market was still bounding upward, with the usual fluctuations.

Every time the price advanced a cent or declined a cent, the broker saw a profit or a loss of \$10,000. He kept his head, however, and when the market scored above 80 cents he began to unload. The Standard men were on hand to take everything, and he got rid of all his oil at an average price of 80 cents a barrel. He had bought at 72, and his profits were, therefore, eight cents a barrel, or \$80,000 in all. He divided equally with Mike Keating, the messenger boy who had unraveled the Standard's cipher, according to agreement. It is

SCANDAL.

A woman to the holy father went,
Confession of sin was her intent;
And so her misdeeds, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all;
And chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
And borne a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossip in the town.
The holy father for her other sin
Granted the absolution ask of him;
But while for the rest he pardon gave,
He told her this offence was very grave,
And that to do it penance she must give,
Out by the wayside where the thistles grow
And gather the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done,
She must come back again another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night.
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well,
Next day but one she went the priest to tell.
The priest still heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do;
Those little thistles which you have sown,
I bid you go together every one."
The woman said, "But father, I would be vain
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide
Over the meadow vale and mountain side."
The father answered, "Now, I hope from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss,
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."
—Mery E. C. Johnson, in the Montreal Witness

How American Girls Talk.

We are told that talking is only a variety of singing, and in listening to the talk of American ladies, that doctrine becomes easily acceptable. At first the pitch sounds somewhat shrill, though not disagreeably, only unaccustomed to. By and by you begin to like it, as presumably they should like any keynote coming from pretty lips. There always seems a note of interrogation at the end of the spoken sentences of American ladies, and a sort of coy querulousness, not so much plaintive as sympathetic, a splinter pervading of the city which is said to be dangerously near to love. Nevertheless, over the rows of lounging chairs on deck, there seemed to brood a sort of cooing sound as of well-contented doves. The young American ladies take the talking reins in their hands very early in life. At fifteen they ease their mamma's "considerably" in that respect, and singularly enough, with their mamma's consent. The English mamma, at that age, would prefer conversationally sleeping daughters.

About this early American talk there is no gable. These young women rising sixteen, speak as deliberately and naturally as Mr. Henry Irving, and without the mocking twinkle of having something in reserve which renders the talk of that eminent actor not unpleasantly irritating. English girls at the same age talk as it were with their hands behind them, as if to conceal a skipping rope. The Yankee girl looks you straightly and serenely in the face—we never ourselves shirked the ordeal—and screeled off an easy hobbins of conversation; you may act as "piecer" if you please, but generally she does the "piecing" herself; you have sat down to talk to your companion as a child, and before the talk is over an interval of three years is supposed to have elapsed, and you say good afternoon to self-possessed woman. Should any one run away with the idea that all this is unnatural or precocious, he should be undeceived. For us it was one of the pleasantest pastimes on the ship—and when the sun was shining and the waves were dancing, there could be no more agreeable accompaniment than the unaccustomed chant of the New England dialect, with its note of interrogation at the end.—*Manchester (Eng.) Enterprise*

Marriage.

Men and women, says Theodore Parker, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, as the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed to blue, and my over-vehement requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dulness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites, they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and loving in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as perfect as personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction.

Very few are married totally, and they only think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and excitement. Such

a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a winter to mellow and season. But a happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a God, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

Negro Proverbs.

Nigger sleep warm of his head kivered up. Norf wind show you de cracks in de house. When you make the jail too nice you better strekin de hog-pen. Mule don't kick 'cordin' to no rule. Black sheep hide mighty easy in de dark. Sun tread boss 'cross de new-grown's. Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin loll tell Sunday. You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk. Sat'day night he'd be roamatiz powerful. High-larn't nigger aint much service at de log-rollin'. Blind bridle can't hide de fodder-stock fum de lean horse. Con-cob stopper don't hut de lasses in de jug. Hot sun make de blades dull in de harves' fiel'. Mule don't unnerstan de wheelborrer. Smart rabbit go home 'fo the snow down fallin'. Dead limb on de tree show itse' when de buds come out. De new groun's is de bes' yardstick to mejer a strange nigger by. Dribin' de steers wid mule-tail is flingin' 'way your bref. Tin clusse don't mind drappin' on de flo'. Cussin' de preacher is mighty po' farmin'. De preacher need heaf mo' grace when he won't pray for rain tell de wind git right. It takes heaf o' licks to drible a nail in de dark. Good signs o' rain don't always he'p de young crop. Books don't tell when de bee-martin ain' de chicken-hawk fell out. Don't take too big a chip on a saplin'. De public road aint free for de rattlesnake. De plow-pint is close kin to de meal-bag. Dar's some fac's in de wul' dat don't slide 'long on de telegraph-wire.—*The Century*

Saving the Train.

The usual crowd of Autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only good receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little blue-eyed, weazenfaced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved the train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff hunk of apple jack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this, bright and clear, and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was—pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to remove it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled towards the door. "The obstruction was a moon-beam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero there would have been a much bigger grease-spot frescoed on the panel.—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine*

VARIETIES.

APPROPOS of the Egyptian trouble, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during a trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago. He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim of his life. When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and cleansed by the thought that he was standing on the very same spot where his Saviour once stood. Approaching the boatman he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand, awaited an answer.

"Ah! what smatter 'th' yer? Why don't ye talk the United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee, who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the Sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Yaas."

"And this is where our Saviour walked upon the waters?"

"Yaas."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Waal, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'."

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out; \$20 to take you back."

"And do you charge everybody \$20 to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher.

"Yaas. That's about the figger."

"Well then," said the devout one, as he went down in his clothes, "no wonder our Saviour got out and walked."

mean. It is related, however, that he on one occasion met his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admonitory eye. After examining the student's work with severe attention, he turned to him, and in a voice of depressing solemnity, said:

"Have you any private means?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the youth, literally in the Scotch manner.

"Is it your intention to make painting your profession?"

"It is," rejoined the Scot.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," pursued Mr. R. A., with augmenting austerity, "for you will never make a living as a painter."

"I am not so sure about that," observed the student. "You seem to have made a pretty good thing out of it." Tableau.—*London Society*

The agent of a minstrel show who was traveling over the Pan Handle route the other day, happened to take a seat opposite two New York drummers. Each wore a pin with six diamonds in it, and displayed two watch chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid, old-fashioned farmer as rather curious, and hitching along up to the pair, he asked:

"Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?"

"They said they would, and he continued:

"What time is it by your four watches?"

"The agent replied that he had only one watch, and that didn't tick, while the other confessed that he had none at all."

"One more question. Did you buy your diamond pins at the dollar store?"

The two men looked at each other in a troubled way, and then informed the blunt questioner that he had reached the limit.

"Oh, well, I didn't intend to be sassy," he remarked as he fell back; "I'm sparking a widder up in Wood County, and I was thinking if I could buckle on a dollar diamond, and harness two watch chains around me, she'd either kick or cave inside of a week."—*Wall Street News*

"TICKET!" said the conductor, as he stopped in front of a Chicago man, who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The fellow addressed handed over the required pastboard, which was duly punched, and looking around, the conductor said:

"Where's your friend?"

"What friend? I have no friend."

"Where's the party occupying this seat with you?"

"I'm alone," said he, looking somewhat puzzled at being questioned.

"Then, what are you doing with two valises?"

"Two valises! Why, I haven't any," at the same time moving his feet with exertion.

"Oh, excuse me," said the conductor, and as he passed out of the car was heard to remark: "The biggest feat I ever saw."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "you are accused of picking the pocket of Mr. Smith. As you were caught in the act the evidence appears to be conclusive. Have you anything to say in your own defence?"

"Only this, your honor: A man isn't to blame for what he does when he's asleep, is he?" Judge—"Certainly not."

"Well, your honor, my hand was asleep when it went into that gentleman's pocket, and didn't know what it was doing." Judge—"Yes; but you were seen to pick his pocketbook from one hand to the other before putting it in your own pocket. The court adjudges you guilty, and gives you three years; but, if your left hand was asleep, it is innocent. You can have it amputated or take it with you." The prisoner concluded to let the innocent suffer with the guilty.

A LADY in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day, the gentlemen, chaffing him a little about being so small, said to him:

"You can never amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you four men can do."

"What can you do?"

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four many faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for farther information on the point.

"PAPA," said a grumbling young dandy, of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christ mas a sealink sack and muffs, a pair of diamond ear-rings, the beautiful writing desk we were looking at the other day, and bushels and bushels of French candy. Will you, papa?"

And the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tattoo on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder.

"Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the backyard, and I will fill it for you, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."

AN instructive and consoling dialogue: Madame de Z.—"Ah, my dear sir, the first year of my widowhood, what a bustle. Tuesday was my reception day, and I had so many visitors that I was obliged to cry the whole day!"

Monsieur de R.—"Let us not say anything against widowhood. I married a widow and I found it perfectly happiness. All the clothes of the first husband fit me like a glove!"

Chaff.

Carry everything before them—Waiters.

To call a landress a bosom friend is flattery.

A statistician estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting of 'em."

A Portland man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice "No cards," sent him a cypress deck by the first mail.

The girl who sets her heart on anything should be careful that some young fellow doesn't come along and steal it.

What is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor? One clings to his ma, and the other to his spar.

A French cynic says the reason why women are not furnished with beards is because they could not keep from talking long to get shaved.

"It is said that the laws of New York State very closely resemble sausage—you have great respect for them until you know how they are made."

Embarrassing—"Miss Evelyn, will you dance?" "Aren't you rather early, Mr. Tom?" "Yes, but the early bird, you know, catches the worm."

A mah had a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him into the window.

Ma, he asked, at dinner, "who was Charlotte Rasse?" "Oh," said ma, "she was one of them old queens what made trouble during the Restoration."

A South Carolina darkey was pressed into a bale of cotton the other day. Garments made

from this particular bale would certainly be of cotton and wool mixed.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient exclaiming:

"Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

A man named Dunlop requested Theodore Hook to make a punning allusion to his name.

"Well, just lop off the last syllable," responded the wit, "and it's 'Dun'!"

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his newspaper. "Something I struck here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Faet in physics.—Soon after Sir Henry Rivers took orders he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop. "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the seas."

On the boulevard: "Well, now that your socks are gone up, what do you intend to make of him?" "What are his tastes?" "He seems to have a pronounced taste for traveling."

"Oh, make him a cashier, then."

Jay Gould is, it is said, looking for designs for the tombstones to be erected on the new \$40,000 plot bought at Woodlawn Cemetery. How would a short lamb do? It would be kind of suggestive of life's work, and melancholy enough for a tombstone.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20 pounds in one week?" "Non-sense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John; and then he asked: "Whose baby was it?" "The elephant's," said the girl.

A man who stood looking at Vanderbilt driving his fast team the other day, whipped out his pencil and made this calculation: "Horse, \$50,000; sleigh, \$300; harness, \$200; sealskin coat and cap, \$800; fur lap-robes, \$300; gloves, \$15; Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000."

A well-known comedian is said to have the unfortunate habit of biting his finger nails. He also has a small daughter, the other day, "that dear child" deliberately pared her finger nails, and in the innocence of her heart, approaching her comical progenitor, "Papa," said she, "here are some nails for you to eat."

A Berlin professor has 6,000 skulls in his study. Some men have to worry along with only one skull in their study, and pretty often that is not worth much. The Berlin professor's study must remind a theatrical manager of his theatre on the first night of a new play—full of dead-heads, you know.

Health is impossible when the blood is impure, thick and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Under such conditions, boils, pimples, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and one disease after another is developed. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it will make the blood pure, rich, warm and vitalizing.

The Household.

"THE NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS."

According to the value each one sets upon life, so does he aim to guide its unfolding by pure and loyal principles. According as each is able to discern the possibilities of life arising majestically from the wreck of its sad realities, so does that heaven born purpose in his soul, to which he strives to make life conform, unfold its grand proportions.

Some one lays down the following rules for "reforming the world of women," and they have been pronounced "almost as good as the ten commandments."

If this be true, if in them lies hidden the reformation of womankind, how fortunate that their utterance was no longer delayed! Rule one—A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please. A woman's grand social aim should be to please. The power of the "old" commandments in their being traced by the eternal finger not alone upon tablets of stone on Sinai's heights, but engraven upon the imperishable soul of humanity. Strange that the great essential bounding woman's power should not be also indelibly stamped upon the universal heart of womankind! The lives of many noble women testify against this rule. The value or success of anything is limited by its power to meet a need felt.

Now if woman is a social being only, created solely to supply a social need, then she fulfills her mission whose highest aim is "to please." But this view of woman's life is utterly false. God's first demand of every human being is to do right, to be loyal to truth. Everything is secondary to this. Woman is created for as high and holy mission as was ever given to a soul to fulfill. There is no limit to her field, God has put eternity in her heart, crowned her spirit with immortality, and placed her by the cradle of humanity.

As we study the development and progress of the human race, see the women of heroism, purity, and true nobility standing out like beacon lights along the centuries, there is a grandeur in their lives and influence which causes the hearts of true women to rise in the joy of new energy and strength, to hope that woman will yet become all God designed her to be. Rule two—Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. This is as heartily to be endorsed as the preceding to be opposed. Rule three. Always dress up to your age or a little beyond it. Let your person be the youngest thing about you, not the oldest. Yes, if you depend largely for success, popularity, and influence upon the fit and texture of your dress, you cannot be too particular. But if you believe there is power in your intellect to bring a thought home to your hearer's heart, and fasten it there by an answering thought of his own; if there is power in your soul to thrust the shining lance of truth through the chaff of the heart, and plant in its throbbing fibres the seeds of pure, noble thought, which will grow and cling there by their tendrils of earnestness and beauty, then let intelligence, nobility, determine your sphere, and fear not the outcome. Rule four—Remember that what women admire in themselves is seldom what men admire in them. The fact in this case is, if women would cease bestowing so much undeserved admiration upon themselves, they would become more admirable, and win merited admiration from others. Rule five—Women's beauties are seldom men's beauties. What a pity man's heart is not so constituted that we could read it as an open book! But no, poor mortals! Here we are, limited in our influence "by our power to please," unable to judge what will accomplish the desired object, and we are not to blame because of the pitiful fact that "our beauties are not men's beauties."

Rule six—Gayety tempered by seriousness is the happiest manner in society. This is good, but the memorable saying of the great reformer, Luther, is better:

"There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious woman." Rule seven—Always speak low. This is surely an "excellent" thing in woman." Rule eight—A plain woman can never be pretty. She can always be fascinating if she takes pains. Michael Angelo said of external beauty: "It is the frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul he has called into time." Those who are not "dressed in this frail and weary weed" are usually led to cultivate the truer beauty of character with greater care. Beauty of person is the least important feature of true beauty. Rule nine—Every year a woman lives the more pains she should take with her dress. Not so, I think, or she should spend less time and pains on dress in youth. A medium course is best, but the extreme of girlhood is too often followed by the other extreme in after years. It is every woman's duty to make her body and mind attractive and useful—neither at the expense of the other—during her entire life.

Rule ten—In all things let a woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion. Next to the influence of right and truth, the attraction between the sexes exercises the greatest power over the human race.

The woman living up to her highest conceptions of right, who has the approbation of God in her own conscience, will please any person of either sex worth pleasing. The truth is, the useful and agreeable are not always combined.

"The better things are the less they please." The men of sense and the men of nonsense (fashion) need to be taught some lessons woman might teach if she were possessed of as much truthfulness and courage as desire "to please."

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, Dec. 12, '82.

DANCING.

Hoping I shall not be suspected of having a desire to raise the "row" which Beatrix predicted in her reply to the inquiry of "A Young Reader," I venture to step into the Household with a word or two, assuring you that it is only with a friendly interest in our young friend, and with malice towards none and charity for all.

As pictures from real life have often adorned the columns of the Household, perhaps one from my pen will not be unacceptable. While spending a few months in one of the large cities of our State, I had the pleasure of attending a reception, which was really a bon ton affair, many of the *creme de la creme* participating. The parlors were beautiful, and offered many enticements, but having a desire to gratify a long standing curiosity in regard to this much mooted question, I soon found my way to the large and brilliantly lighted dancing hall, and seated in a quiet corner gave myself up to the enjoyment of watching a performance novel to me, because new. As the orchestra took its place, and the dancers formed upon the floor, the thought occurred to me, suppose now that the reverend pastor of one of these many churches should step upon the platform, and as is done in so many other public meetings, not of a religious nature, invoke God's blessing upon the proceedings of the evening, how would it look; how would those about to engage in "tripping the light fantastic toe" feel? However, we were spared the shock which such a proceeding would have given us; the first notes of the music floated out, upon the air, and instantly all were in motion. I watched the scene with an inquiring interest, and without prejudice. I think, and confess to having been amused and disgusted, but in no way entertained, except by the music. I agree with Beatrix exactly in regard to "plays," and think the rough and tumble races and indiscriminate kissing an outrage upon delicacy and good taste, but the miscellaneous embracing upon that ball-room floor struck me as being not only inelegant, but shockingly immodest.

There was among the dancers a gray haired, satin-robed matron, and as I watched her cantering about the room in a most unmanly and undignified manner, my thoughts flew away to the gray-haired, sunny-faced, gentle-hearted woman in a certain country home, whose whole life had been one of self sacrificing devotion to others. There were three others who attracted my attention in a special manner, and of whom I mentally determined to learn more; one was an aged man whose furrowed brow and snow white hair told plainly that he had "little else left in life but to die," and I queried to myself if his thoughts went out with hopeful and joyous anticipation, to the unseen world into which he was soon to pass. Upon making inquiry of a friend whom I knew to be good authority, her short but decisive reply was, "he is a bad man." The other two were persons whom I knew to be church members; one a wealthy merchant and "pillar" in the church, the other a young lady. Of the first I learned during the winter, without inquiry, that he openly and repeatedly violated the sanctity of the Sabbath, through love of gain, and out of the same motive, stood behind his counter and told unblushing falsehoods. The young lady was a member of the same Sabbath school class with myself, and from incidental observation I was led to feel (unjustly perhaps), that she knew nothing of true heart-felt religion.

And I feel safe in saying, and I think any observing person will bear me out in it, that ninety-nine of every hundred dance loving church members are destitute of real spirituality; they are Christians in name, but they serve God in an indifferent, half hearted manner, and mammon most zealously. Church members certainly do indulge, and retain their standing in the church, just as a great many other evils are overlooked or endured, but that can scarcely be made an argument in its favor, for church members are like the ten virgins, of whom five were wise, and five foolish, and to many of the dance going Christians, I fear it will be said, "Too late, you cannot enter now."

M. M.

ALTO, Dec. 26th.

UNSELFISH MOTHERS.

Does it ever occur to those devoted mothers who give up everything to the care of their children, that by so doing they are really harming instead of benefiting them? "Unselfish mothers make selfish children," says Miss Sewall, and observation proves the truth of the assertion. The mother who sacrifices all things to her children, waiting upon them, giving them the best of everything, denying herself for their sake, though care, she may find her own happiness in so doing, for paradoxical as it sounds, we do find our truest happiness in denying ourselves for others' sake—is doing them an irreparable injury. They soon learn to consider it the natural prerogative of a mother to deprive herself to give the more to them, and as they accept her abnegation as a right, or as a duty owed them. They learn to expect more and more, and to demand what is not given. If the mother wears her old dress, that the daughter may sport an unnecessary new one, or makes the old bonnet "do" another season that a ten dollar plume may adorn the new hat she buys for Mam'zelle, she is at once fostering vanity and selfishness. It is not a pleasant sight to a thoughtful mind to see a shabby cloak and dilapidated bonnet uncomplainingly seated side by side in the family pew, with the handsome garments decking the young lady of the family. It means that there is thoughtless—if not selfish—acceptance on one side, and loving but unwise relinquishment on the other. If the mother does all the hard work, and bears double burdens that the soft white hands of the young girl may not be roughened or her complexion browned, she need not expect that so doing will increase her child's natural thoughtfulness of others' comfort and convenience, or fit her for the work that time and maturity will inevitably bring to her.

Children naturally like to be helpful, and the feeling should

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," "Horse Training Mode," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the editor. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

PARASITIC DISEASES IN LAMBS.

(Continued.)
PART II.

1. An analysis obtained from the answers to the questions addressed to agriculturalists by the Bath and West of England Society, with deductions by the author.
Questions for circulation among practical farmers, for the purpose of collecting information in regard to the disease in lambs, of which parasites in the lungs are either the cause or effect.

1. What are the symptoms of the disease?
2. What age of the animal are they generally first discovered, and at what time of the year?
3. As the disease progresses, what changes do the symptoms undergo?
4. What form does the disease take in its last stages?
5. Is it always generally fatal, or fatal only after a certain stage of the disease has been reached?
6. What is the state of the animal after death, particularly its lungs and windpipe?

7. Have you always or generally found worms or other parasites in the lungs or windpipe after death, and describe them if you have?
8. Do you know at what age of the disease they are first found in the windpipe or lungs?

9. Do you suppose these parasites to be the cause of the disease or the consequence of it, or why?
10. Are any particular breeds of sheep liable to this disease more than others?

11. Have you known it prevail in Leicester, Bampton, Dorset Horn, Exmoor, Down, and cross bred flocks, or which of them?
12. Is it more fatal in one breed than another?

13. Does it attack lambs in high or low condition, or indiscriminately in both?
14. Does it attack them before or after shearing?
15. Does it attack early lambs as much as late?

16. Is it supposed to be caused by the animal having taken cold?
17. Is it infectious?
18. Has oilcake or other high feeding any preventive effect, or the reverse?

19. Have you any reason to suppose that the absence of water has caused the disease?
20. Or that shearing or dipping has caused the disease?

21. Does it affect lambs that have been sheared more than those that have not been sheared?
22. Are the farms on which you have known the disease prevail, heavily stocked with sheep?

23. Are the sheep kept in large or small flocks?
24. In large or small fields?
25. Are they folded or not?

26. Are these farms high or low?
27. Wet or dry?
28. Undrained or not?
29. Is the subsoil clay?

30. What is the geological formation of these farms respectively?
31. Does the disease prevail more on old pasture land than on artificial grasses or vice versa?

32. Does it prevail on farms on which artificial manures are extensively used more than elsewhere?
33. Can you state any facts to show that it is caused by any particular species of clover, or at a particular period of its growth?

34. Does it prevail more in wet seasons than in dry, or vice versa?
35. Do you know any means of preventing the disease?
36. How should the symptoms be first treated?

37. Should the flock have access to water after the disease has shown itself?
38. Should they be generously fed?
39. Should they be kept in dry and warm situations?

40. Has any medicine or food been found to effect a cure, and what?
41. Are there any means known to you for destroying the parasites in the lungs after they have been developed there?

42. What do you believe to be the cause of the disease?
43. What is the effect upon the animal?
44. State what theory you may have formed either for prevention or cure of the disease, and the facts on which such theory rests.

The following is a tabulated analysis of the answers of the 16 gentlemen who have responded to the questions sent to them. The number of the answer corresponds to that of the question; and when the numbers are not filled up, it is an indication that the answers were not given, or that the author considered them indefinite. In some instances several questions are aggregated.

ANSWERS.
1. 2, 2. Symptoms.—Cough, debility, loss of appetite after weaning, in July and August generally. Great prostration and thirst.

6. 7. Morbid appearance and presence of worms.—Twelve have seen worms in the windpipe and lungs; one has seen them passing through the stomach. The answers respecting morbid appearances unsatisfactory.

8. Time of appearance.—Fourteen do not know.
9. Cause or consequence.—One believes them to be the cause; three the consequence; and 12 gives no opinion.

10. 11. Breeds and locality.—Four believe all breeds equally liable; three, Leicesters; one Dorsets; and six, half-bred sheep.

13. High or low condition.—Nine state low; five, either high or low.
14. Shearing.—Ten say after shearing, and four before and after.

15. Early or late lambs.—Ten think early, and four the reverse.
16. Cold.—Five think that it causes or accelerates, and six believe otherwise.

17. Infection.—Seven think it is not communicable, and three that it is.
18. Oil cake and high feeding.—Thirteen believe these to be preventives, and none object to them.

19. Absence of water.—Three negatives to this question.
20. 21. Shearing and dipping.—The answers to these questions are rather contra-

dictory, but shearing is thought to be more prejudicial than dipping.
22. Stocking.—Nearly all agree that the farms are largely or heavily stocked.

23. 24. Large or small flocks or fields.—The flocks and fields generally small, but the disease is prevalent in both.
25. Folding.—In 12 generally not folded; in two folded.

26. High and dry.—Eight in both situations, four high and one low.
27. Wet or dry.—Six dry, five wet or dry, and one low.

28. Undrained or not.—Five not drained, and four drained and undrained.
29. Geological formation.—One no clay; two subsoil clay; three clay, marl and gravel; four limestone; five clay and bog; six some clay and slate; seven clay and slate; eight no clay; nine clay, slate and granite; 10 clay, lime, rock and gravel; 12 some clay; 13 chalk.

31. Old pastures or artificial grasses.—Six believe old pastures to be better than artificial grasses; four the reverse, and two think that there is no difference.

32. Artificial manures.—Ten think that these have no effect.
33. Clover.—Six think not; seven seldom so well in clover; eight yes, if in flower; nine Dutch flower partially seeded very injurious; twelve say young clover is bad.

34. Wet or dry season.—Nine believe in wet seasons; two in dry seasons, when food is short, and one in both.
35. Prevention and early treatment.—One early drenching; two keep but few lambs together; three arable land at night; four lime oil and turpentine; five milk and treacle; six put weak lambs in sheltered places; seven feed and change often; eight keep few in large folds; nine high feeding.

36. Generous diet.—All are agreed upon this point.
37. Dry and warm situations.—All likewise agree in the necessity of this.

40. 41. 42. 43. 44. Cause, effect, treatment and theory.—Under the head of cause are mentioned "want of nourishment after weaning, white Dutch clover, fresh water, species of parasite, and the disease taken from the ewe."

Treatment.—Two recommend fumigation with sulphur, tar and tobacco; one Merrick's mixture; one gaseous fluid; one free access to rock salt; one salt and turpentine and oil; and four recommend good feeding and hygiene.

(To be Continued.)
Disease of the Nervous System in a Lamb.

CARSON CITY, Dec. 25th, 1882.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please tell me what ails my sheep and what to do for him? One week ago I noticed one of last spring's lambs acting very singularly. Stood with head well up, eyes rather staring, as though he was looking intently at something. Tried to scare him, could not. Made motions close in his face, did not notice them; would not wink although the motions were close to his eyes. Would look in one direction, straight ahead; would not turn his head to right or left. Refused all feed and water. Remained in this condition twelve hours, then he held his head a little lower, walked around the barn some, and if he came in contact with anything he would push with all his might against it instead of walking around it; would push for some time and then ease back. Soon after this commenced coughing as though chewing his cud, only increased. Teeth commenced to grate; white froth soon came from his mouth. At this stage I could detect no fever, and his breathing was natural. I had given him no medicine. I now bled from the ear, blood started freely and was of natural color, but saw no benefit from bleeding. He now commenced to have spasms, seemed to get dizzy, held his head low, staggered as he walked, and soon fell on his side, struggling as though in pain, breathing heavy and fast, those spasms from five to 15 minutes each, soon gets up, seems easier for a short time, then has another spasm or fit. These symptoms lasted for twelve hours, he then was so weak could not get up. Has stopped grating teeth. He lies very quietly only moving a foot now and then, breathes hard, eyes closed, white film formed over eyes. He remained in this way for four days. Hard work to tell whether he was dead or not. The third day after he was taken sick, I commenced giving him milk and ginger, also gave him some castor oil. His bowels have remained very normal, urine high-colored, has disagreeable odor, but still has passed freely. This morning seems better. I put a few oats into his mouth and he ate them. To-night he is able to get up alone, eats grain from my hand and nibbles hay a little. Now I regard this as a singular case, and any information you can give will be thankfully received not only by me but by all my neighbors, for we are all interested in the welfare of our flocks.

NATHAN J. BAKER.

Answer.—The curious complication of symptoms in the above case appears to us to be a disease largely involving the nervous system; the blindness, the insensibility to surrounding objects, the frequent spasms or fits, the spasmodic action of the respiratory apparatus, are so many proofs of the correctness of our diagnosis. The nervous system is the organ of sense and motion, and is connected with all the functions of animal life. "This system is divided into the medullary substance contained in the cranium and vertebral cavity; the whole of which seems to consist of distinct fibres; connected with one part or other of this substance are the nerves of motion and sensation, in which the same medullary substance is continued; but here more evidently divided into fibres, each of which is separated from the others by an enveloping membrane, derived from the pia-mater. These several parts of the nervous system are everywhere the same continuous medullary substance, which is supposed to be the vital solid of animals, so constituted in living animals, and in living systems only, as to admit of motions being readily propagated from any one part to every other part of the nervous system, so long as the continuity and naturally living state of the medullary substance remains." Treatment. Give the following:

One ounce of belladonna, one ounce of tincture of belladonna, one ounce of water; six ounces; mix together, and give one tablespoonful three times a day. Please let us know the final result.

You Who Lead Sedentary Lives will find great relief from the constipation with which you so often suffer by taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is a simple, harmless, vegetable compound, sure to relieve you, and can do no injury.

Typoid Influenza.

NORTH MUSKOGEE, Dec. 20th, 1882.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a horse, roan in color, 12 or 13 years old, weighing about 1100 lbs, which had the disease called pinkie before I bought him. I understand he had no treatment for it, except to let him take care of, and given good food. He is in fair flesh, although his hide is a little tight and looks dull; he also has some cough; his eyes also look dull and watery. The principal feature in his case seems to be lameness in the off hind leg; he appears weak in his hindquarters, takes short steps and stumbles; cannot lift his feet eight inches without staggering and sometimes he falls, in which case he requires help to get up. I cannot discover any swelling above the hock, although it is very tender to the touch. Bowels dry and costive; urine clear. Have fed bran mash. Can you tell me what to do for him? J. E. P.

Answer.—The symptoms as given will not enable us to diagnose the disease satisfactorily. But it is evident that "the principal feature" in this case is debility, the result probably of an attack of typhoid influenza. (Pinkie) which requires a sustaining course of treatment. When complicated with pleurisy, not uncommon in such cases, its presence may be readily detected by pain when forced to move; accompanied by a peculiar grunt; this condition when followed by effusion in the chest, usually results in the death of the animal. Loss of power of motion in the hind extremities, partial or complete, is often an accompanying symptom. Treatment: Give good oats instead of corn, good hay and beet tea to drink. And give the following: Gentian root pulv., three ounces; nitrate of potassa pulv., two ounces; sulphate of iron pulv., and Jamaica ginger root pulv., of each one ounce; mix and divide into twelve powders: give one three times a day.

Laryngitis Chronic.

OTTISVILLE, Genesee Co., Mich., Dec. 22, 1882.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to inquire through the columns of the FARMER what is the matter with my colts and also ask for a remedy. They have not been in the spring, a bright bay, both mares and well matched, of the Victor breed; also well broken to harness. The latter part of last September or first of October they began to cough, first at night, and then gradually increased; and now they cough at times very hard, sometimes resembling the barking of a dog; have never discharged any from the nose, neither have their throats been swollen. The cough seems to be spasmodic, some days hardly notice it, and I think they will soon be all right, but in a short time they are at it hard as ever. When they first began to cough they were running in the pasture. They have not been unduly exposed so as to take cold. Their feed is corn and oats, with plenty of bright wheat straw. I have given them tar, raw linseed oil, and two or three kinds of highly recommended condition powders, since they were first taken, but all so far as I can see, have not helped them in the least. While driving on the road they cough but little, but soon as they stop and stand a moment it is very violent. They eat well, and their appetite seems to be good. Now if you understand their case by what I have written and will tell me the cause (or name the disease) and cure, you will greatly oblige.

J. B. J.

Answer.—From the symptoms you have given, the disease appears to be laryngitis in a sub-acute or chronic form. In this latter condition it not infrequently proves troublesome, and in some cases incurable, in consequence of the altered structure of the parts involved. Treatment.—Apply the following to the throat, rubbing it well in: Bismuth of mercury, one drachm, cosmoiline, one ounce; mix well together; one application only will be required; give upon the tongue half drachm chlorate of potassa, pulv., night and morning for a week. If the animal is not improved please let us hear from you again.

Aphasia in Sheep.

VANDALLA, Mich., Dec. 25th, 1882.
Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Will you be kind enough to inform us through the columns of your valuable paper what ails the sheep. About 20 or 30 of mine I notice have sore mouths or lips rather, and one of my neighbors' flocks is troubled in a like manner. The sores or blisters when first noticed are small but soon enlarge to the size of a three-cent piece, and often sores or blisters will form on the inside of a week's time after the first blister is noticed the lip or lips will be in a continuous scab from one corner of the mouth to the other. The sores are confined to the edges of the lip and do not extend to the inside of the mouth. The sheep have been running on tame grass through the fall and fed on tame hay and oats for the past five weeks. I noticed the trouble with my sheep only a few days ago. My neighbor's have been troubled for about two weeks. He has been using hog's lard with pretty good success. What would you recommend and what is the cause of the trouble? The sheep appear healthy in every other respect and eat well.

SCUSCHER.

Answer.—From the symptoms above described we recognize in your sheep the disease known to the profession as aphasia; of which there are two varieties or types—one simple, the other malignant. In your sheep we diagnose the simple form, which though a great annoyance to the animal by interfering with his feeding, and consequently resulting in loss of condition, rarely has a fatal termination, and yields to the most simple treatment. The malignant form of the disease is usually associated with foot rot, which we will consider at some future time. No symptoms of foot disease having been mentioned, we are safe in our diagnosis, and therefore recommend the following treatment: First, wash the mouth clean with tepid water, then with a piece of sponge, bathe the ulcers with the following solution twice a day: Tincture of myrrh, four ounces; tincture of aloes, socotrine, two ounces; pure water, six ounces. The disease yields readily to this simple treatment.

Are You Rheumatic?

A great many people are; and it seems to us that there is not any of it, since Loose's Extract Red Clover Blossoms was put on the market. It never fails to effect permanent results. For sale by all druggists.

OVER 250,000 Hows Scales have been sold and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Solleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

CITY ITEMS.

C. R. PATTEE, son of the postmaster at Bridgeport, was sentenced in the United States District Court, last Friday, to one year's imprisonment in the House of Correction.

The newly elected county officials took possession of their offices on Monday, and several noble patriots who have been succeeded by friends of the elect, are now on the lookout for jobs.

The friends of C. C. Townbridge, of this city, banqueting him at the Russell House last Friday evening, on the occasion of his 83d birthday. The attendance numbered 100 of our oldest and most prominent citizens, and the affair was very successfully carried out.

SHERIFF CLIFFERT last week made a descent on a cock pit, and captured a lot of the roosters. He took them to the jail and put each of them in a separate cell. He now wants to get them off his hands, as they are proving more trouble to him than he bargained for.

On Saturday morning a portion of the works of Prouty & Glass, carriage wood manufacturers, No. 40 and 42 Randolph Street, were destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at \$14,000, insurance, \$8,000. The building is owned by Mrs. E. A. Hoban, of Washington, D. C., and will be rebuilt at once.

The past week has seen a large influx of members of the State Legislature into the city. Hubbell has headquarters at the Russell House, and the members elect naturally turn their footsteps in that direction. It is said by some that they are hatching out a Ferry boom, but we don't believe it.

CAPT. PETER N. GIRARDIN died in this city on Monday morning. He has been a member of the police force since the fall of 1865, passing through all the grades from patrolman to Captain. Upon the resignation of Superintendent Rogers he filled the position of superintendent very acceptably until relieved by the appointment of E. W. Connelley. Mr. Girardin served three years in the army as a member of the 24th Michigan Infantry, and was a gallant soldier as well as a highly respected citizen.

FRANCIS A. WOODBELL, the special agent who forged Pension Agent Post's name to several notes, has been bound over for trial on four indictments, with bail fixed at \$1,500 on each. He is still in jail, being unable to post the requisite bonds. It is said that his friends have made good the amount of his forgeries to the bank, and are now attempting to hush the matter up. The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney says it will not be settled, but that Woodbell must stand his trial. Time will tell.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY CUTCHEN is somewhat annoyed by a Washington special to the Cincinnati Gazette saying that the government authorities deem it necessary to give him assistance in the Rothschilde case, as he is employed by the Rothschilds in another suit, as counsel, and should not be compelled to appear against his clients in the performance of his duty. Mr. Cutchen says he is not and never has been employed by the Rothschilds, and does not believe the dispatch has any foundation. Evening News. We have seen Mr. Cutchen in the position suggested by the above item, in other cases, and it did not appear to annoy him in the least.

An order from Manager H. B. Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, notifies the public that on and after January 1st, 1883, the Canada Southern Railway will be known as the Canada Southern Division of the Michigan Central, with headquarters at Detroit. The St. Thomas, Ont., people have had two delegations here to protest against the change; but from the order it appears they did not make any material impression on Mr. Ledyard. The Canada Southern has been the means of building up St. Thomas from a small village to a thriving city, and its inhabitants appear to realize that the removal of the present headquarters and the shops from that point would materially injure its future prosperity.

Self Evident Truth.

Recently we overheard a worthy gentleman say: "Why argue concerning the explosive properties of gunpowder, or the commercial greatness of New York city—or the remedial excellence of Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics? Each proposition is an accepted axiom, and alike known to everybody, as the following will attest: A gentleman from Ohio, last season, spent several months in Indiana. He was three times attacked with fever and ague, and rheumatism, but succeeded in curing himself with Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, No. 15 and 16. At one attack he alternated with the fever pills No. 1, and his language was: 'I would not be without those medicines for 100 of the best dollars I ever saw.'"

One of the largest seed establishments in the United States is located at Marblehead, Mass., and is owned and managed by James J. Gregory. Mr. Gregory has earned a reputation second to none throughout every State in the Union, of selling the most reliable seeds that can possibly be obtained. Notice his advertisement in another column.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, January 2, 1883.
Flour.—Receipts for the week, 7,303 bbl., shipments, 6,501 bbl. The market has been quiet for the past week, but values have not suffered any depreciation. The movement of stock is of fair proportions for the season, and quite sufficient to prevent any accumulations. The market may be called steady with a fair degree of firmness. We quote:

Choice white wheat, (city)..... 4 00/65
Choice white wheat, (country)..... 4 00/75
Minnesota spring..... 3 75/60
Minnesota winter..... 3 50/60
Eye..... 4 25/60

Wheat.—The past week has been very dull in the grain trade, as was to be expected, but now that the holidays are over and business has again commenced, there will be more activity in all branches of the trade. Wheat, as it is, is now very low, will improve, and values will probably work upwards. Latest quotations for spot were 90c for No. 1 white, 82c for No. 2, 72c for No. 3, 60c for No. 2 red, and 62c for No. 2 re-jested. In future January delivery sold at 97c, February at 96c, and May at 10c.

Corn.—The market is dull and neglected, with latest sales at 52c per bu. for No. 2.
Oat.—With the close of the year a small "corner" was developed in No. 2 white, which forced prices up to 46c per bu.; after settlements had been effected the price dropped to 42c per bu., and No. 2 at 37c.

Barley.—Dull and unchanged, with fine bright samples at \$1 75/80 per cental, and low grades at \$1 25/60.
Feed.—Little or no mill feed is moving, but buyers would pay about \$13.50 for bran. Corn meal is quoted at \$26.25; corn and oats at about the same range.

Butter.—The market is dull, especially for the lower grades, but price is kept up and are even a shade higher. For good butter 27c per lb. is paid by dealers. Fair to good butter retails at 32 to 35c per lb.
Cheese.—Fine full cream stock is steady at 14c

@15c, and second quality at 12c to 14c per lb.
Eggs.—Market quiet and steady. Quotations are 27c per doz. Lined are quoted at 25c/30c. Beeswax.—Scarce and very firm; quotations are 28c/30c per lb.

Onions.—Market dull. Prices are \$1 40/50 per bbl., and 40c/45c per sack.
Beans.—Steady and unchanged. City picked, \$2.30 per bu.; unpacked, \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Apples.—There is a steady demand for good stock at \$3 per bbl, and choice would command even better terms.
Apple Jelly.—The market is well supplied at 75c.

Cranberries.—Choice Cape Code fruit is firm at \$15 per bbl and 50c per box.
Dried Fruit.—Apples are in demand at 7c/7c; evaporated fruit at 14c per lb.

Clover Seed.—Very scarce, and late advances in prices seem to be well sustained. Prime seed sold on Saturday at \$6.70 per bu., and the tendency is toward higher prices.
Potatoes.—The market has been weak, and the offering of considerable old stock resulted in a drop in prices. Turkeys sold up to 14c/15c per lb. chickens at 10c/12c, ducks at 13c/14c, and geese at 10c/11c.

Peanut Oil.—Wisconsin dried blue peas, \$1 35/40; the market is quiet.
Potatoes.—Not many are moving at present, but the market is firm and for carloads a demand prevails at 6c.

Shells.—Quiet; shell crabs, \$1 75; large thick shells, \$1 00/110; small, 40c/45c.
Honey.—Almost lifeless. Fine white comb is held at 10c/10c, with little or no movement.
Hops.—Nothing doing; nominal at 90c/100c per bu.

Dressed Hogs.—Prices are unchanged, the average market being at \$7.75 per cwt.
Game.—Turkeys are in good demand at 12c/15c; partridges are scarce at 75c/80c; quail are almost a drug at \$1 50/21; receipts of rabbits very free and they are dull at 10c/12c; squirrels are slow at about 70c/75c.

Provisions.—There are few changes to note in the provisions market. Barbeled pork unchanged, as are also smoked meats; lard is a shade lower. Mess and dried beef are in steady demand at former quotations. The Chicago market is in about the same condition as our own; with hogs stronger at the close of the week. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess..... \$17.50 @ \$18.00
Family..... 15.00 @ 16.00
Clear..... 12.00 @ 13.00
Lard in tierces..... 11.00 @
Lard in kegs..... 11.00 @
Hams, per lb..... 12c/13c
Cured bacon, per lb..... 12c/13c
Choice mess beef, per lb..... 12c/13c
Dried beef, per lb..... 7c/8c

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards,
Saturday, Dec. 30, 1882.
The following were the receipts at these yards:

No.	No.	No.
Charlotte.....	11	91
Chelva.....	30	118
Clyde.....	5	108
Fowlerville.....	18	118
Grand ledge.....	14	98
Hogwell.....	20	96
Highland.....	12	56
Jonesville.....	17	85
Lansing.....	2	32
Portland.....	2	32
Rockwell.....	109	50
Saline.....	15	25
Webberville.....	2	32
Ypsilanti.....	17	20
Total.....	211	742
Drove in.....	10	40

CATTLE.
The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 211 head, against 224 last week. The small receipts and a fair attendance of buyers made things lively while the offerings lasted. Sellers were not slow to recognize the position of affairs and held their stock very firm, and they hardly had a chance to name their price before the trade was closed on. Prices for anything decent was a good 25 cents per head higher than last week. By ten o'clock there was not an animal of any kind for sale in the yards. The following were the closing

quotations:
Good to choice shipping steers..... 5.50 @ 6.50
Good shipping steers..... 5.00 @ 6.00
Good to choice butchers' steers..... 4.50 @ 5.50
Fair butchers' steers..... 4.00 @ 5.00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock..... 3.50 @ 4.50
Bulls..... 3.00 @ 4.00
Cows..... 2.50 @ 3.50
McFadden sold Duff & Caplin's mixed lot of 5 head of this butchers' stock at 70c to 80c.
Lomax sold Fitchman's 2 bulls at 70c to 80c.
Akeley sold Fitzpatrick's mixed lot of 13 head of butchers' stock at 85c to 95c, and 3 bulls at 50c to 60c.
Izzer & Akeley sold Fitzpatrick's 4 butchers' cows at 10c to 12c.
Beach sold Fitzpatrick's mixed lot of 5 head of coarse butchers' stock at 72c to 80c.
Fitzpatrick sold Fitchman's 5 fair butchers' steers at 90c to 100c.
McFadden sold Drake's 6 fair shipping steers at 1.20 to 1.40.
Senger sold Fitzpatrick's mixed lot of 7 head of coarse butchers' stock at 85c to 95c, and 3 bulls at 50c to 60c.
Overhoff sold Drake's 2 good cows at 1.50 to 1.75, and a bull at 1.00 to 1.25.
Clark sold John Robinson's mixed lot of 21 head of good butchers' stock at 85c to 95c, and 5 coarse ones at 60c to 70c.
Conley sold Duff & Caplin's mixed lot of 15 head of fair butchers' stock at 90c to 100c, and 3 bulls at 50c to 60c.
Campbell sold Fitchman's 5 fair butchers' cows at 1.20 to 1.40.
Sly sold Sullivan's 4 butchers' cows at 1.00 to 1.20.
Judson sold Sullivan's 10 fair butchers' steers at 1.00 to 1.20, and a coarse cow weighing 1,020 lbs at 80c.
Sly sold Kamm's 8 good butchers' steers at 90c to 100c.
Whitely sold Duff & Caplin's mixed lot of 12 head of this butchers' stock at 70c to 80c.
Hosley sold Duff & Caplin's 2 fair cows at 1.40 to 1.60, and a bull at 1.00 to 1.20.
Capwell sold John Robinson's mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers' stock at 80c to 90c, and 4 bulls at 50c to 60c.
McFadden sold John Robinson's 4 good heifers weighing 1,070 to 1,100 lbs at 80c.
Kelly sold John Robinson's 23 good butchers' steers and heifers at 80c to 90c.
Fitzpatrick sold Duff & Caplin's mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers' stock at 90c to 100c, and 2 stages at 85c to 95c.

SHEEP.
The offerings of sheep numbered 742, against 1,348 last week. The market was active and all were closed